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# MOORLAND RUTH AND OTHER POEMS.

RAWNSLEY DAWTREY.

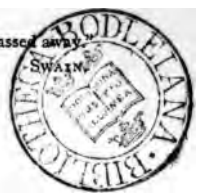
600092677.

# MOORLAND RUTH,

## AND OTHER POEMS.

By RAWNSLEY DAWTREY.

"Oh! could my spirit fix these wandering beams
That float around me—could it but convey
One-half the charm with which its vision teems—
This verse should live unto a later day,
This page enshrine my heart when life had passed away."
SWAIN.




MANCHESTER:
JOHN HEYWOOD, 141 AND 143, DEANSGATE

280. n . 144.

TO

BENJAMIN BRIERLEY, ESQ.,

This Poem is Inscribed,

AS A TOKEN OF

GRATITUDE, RESPECT, AND ESTEEM,

JUNE, 1870.

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# MOORLAND RUTH.

All hail wild harp of rustic song,
Thou sweet-toned harp all hail to thee,
Thy strings have lain untouched too long,
Oh ! let them now be tuned by me.
And in my hands thy glorious strain,
May wake perhaps to life again.

What though my powers may feeble prove,
Perchance twill save thee from decay;
And 'tis a labour sweet, of love,
So wake thou and my call obey.
All hail! wild harp of rustic song,
Awake for thou has slept too long.

I.

The summer sun shone on the rill
That leapt adown the heathery hill,
And as it hurried on its way,
With many a song that sunny day;
A maiden fair to human sight,
Went singing up the moorland height.
Her eyes were brown as was her hair
Which hung about her shoulders bare,
And naked were the feet which trod,
With lightened step the grassy sod.
Where clouds of snowy whiteness spread,
'Mid the blue ether overhead,
The lark borne up on ready wing,
Sung loud as he alone can sing.
While lesser songsters trilled below,
From every hedge, and branch, and bough.
The moorland sheep far up the height
With fleeces, some as black as night,
Were browsing in the morning sun,

For yet the day had scarce begun.
And bleating gently as they strayed
From place to place in search of food;
And others distant answer made,
Where far away the wild birds brood.
The maiden of the merry song
With face all gladness went along,
And startled many a mountain bird,
As she the blooming heather stirred.
'Twas Moorland Ruth, whose soft brown eyes,
Had ne'er o'errun with sorrow's tears;
Those scalding drops that make us wise
While adding weight to youthful years.
Her beauteous face, which to behold
Was in her cause to be enrolled,
Was fair indeed to youthful sight
Like driven snow, so softly white;
Save where the sun had browned her cheek,
And 'twas a joy to hear her speak.
Her father was a shepherd old,

Who'd known the mountains from his youth,
And forty years had o'er him rolled
'Ere in his path came beauteous Ruth;
The darling of his lonely age,
The light upon life's closing page;
For on the same September morn,
Whereon his little one was born,
His wife—his faithful friend and true,
Had passed away, as all things do.
Thus in his heart the vacant place,
Was filled by Ruth's bright infant face;
As when the sun at twilight dies,
The evening star doth calmly rise.
Thus from her childhood Ruth had known,
Each sheep track on the moorland height,
And year by year as she had grown,
More lovely in her father's sight
She had become his one delight.
A sister's love, a brother's care,
Had never fallen to her share;

And few companions had she known,
The rustic maids around, alone.
They lived together on the height,
Within a little moss grown cot;
By her sweet presence rendered bright,
Tho' truly she suspected not.
And when at eve her father came
Along the path, he called her name,
And she with merry laughter ran
To meet him. Thus their nights began.
As up the moorland path she sped,
With kerchief on her lovely head,
The lark sung not more gay than she,
Scarce happier could an angel be.
In years eighteen, in heart a child,
The beauty of the moorlands wild:
And many they who loved her well,
But few who dared their loves to tell.
Of these was one, a goodly youth
Who loved, and was beloved by Ruth;

And many a stolen hour had they
Together, at the close of day,
When Cynthia took her western way.
Far to the west, where rose the hill,
From which ran down the singing rill;
There stood a mighty rock whose shade
A pleasant screen for th' shepherd made:
There lay he, with his dog and crook,
And by his side *the* open book,
His old hand resting on a page
Which speaks of man's uncertain age.
Upon his mild, bewrinkled face,
Reposed a look of thoughtful woe;
For he reflected how life's race
Is run in paths where thorns do grow.
And knowing he was near the goal,
He sorrowed for his daughter's soul.

"Oft as I sit beside the fire,
And gaze on Ruth my only child;

Within I own, my one desire,
Is that she e'er be undefiled.
That she may tread this earthly path,
Secure from the Eternal's wrath :
That naught of sin may stain her life,
Be it as maiden or as wife.
For well I know that soon my years,
Made bright by joy, refined my tears,
Will end, and I shall pass away
From worldly night to heavenly day.
But she, unless God sees it best
To take her early to his breast,
Will live to know this life's unrest.
Oh ! may he guard her to the end,
Who did her mother's step attend.
As often as the sun goes down,
I think of what her life has been ;
Of good that I have in her sown;
Of weeds that may have risen between,
To choke that good, in times gone past,

And what the fruit will be at last.
For well I know her soul was given
To me that I might train 't for heaven,
And learn, while teaching her the way
That my frail footsteps might not stray."

Here, pausing, he arose and sighed,
His features almost deified.
The hours went by and evening came,
Soft darkness palled above the moor;
Then calling to his dog by name,
He gently drove his sheep before,
While in his arms a lamb he bore.
Soon came they to the welcome fold,
Within the vale, below the wold;
Then he his trembling footsteps bent,
Where all his sunniest hours were spent;
The moss-grown cot upon the height,
That rose so pleasant to his sight.
He passed the surging moorland lake,

With Carlo following in his wake;
Who roused the moorfowl with his bark,
As on he scampered in the dark.
Ruth met him at the open door,
And there he kissed her upturned face.
Soft shone the moon upon the moor,
As in the nook he took his place.
Full long had Ruth sat by the fire,
That he would come, her one desire,
For 'twas assigned that she should meet
The *one* whose presence was most sweet,
Beside the lonely ruined tower;
And now 'twas past the promised hour.
So when the evening meal was o'er,
She thought to wander on the moor;
But seeing how her father sat,
Beside the fire with thoughtful brow;
She spoke, almost forgetting that,
For he was all she cared for now.

"How thoughtful is your face to night,
Dear father," fair Ruth said,
"Or is it but the candle light,
That makes you look so pale and white
As ghastly as the dead?"

"My child," said he, "If I am pale
I cannot tell the cause,
But thoughtful, yes; my hope is frail,
Of staying long within this vale,
Of bitter tears and woes.
I feel to night so very sad
While thinking, child, of thee.
If thought were dead I should be glad,
For oh! it almost drives me mad—
God grant that ne'er may be.

'Tis of thy future, child, I think,
And of the past of mine,
Of cups of sorrow thou must drink,

From which thou wilt in sadness shrink,
To suffer, perhaps to pine.
So far thy life has been serene,
From sorrow sheltered;
But soon a dread may step between,
And things that are, be things *once been*,
When I—when I am dead."

The tears burst forth, and fair Ruth pres't
Her father to her throbbing breast;
Her mind was overcharged with thought,
That in her heart most strangely wrought;
So close he to his bosom pressed
Her soft warm face, and bid her rest.

The sower sowing in the spring,
May die before the ripening;
But surely shall a reaper come,
And bear with joy the harvest home:
So human thoughts, and words, and deeds,
Are sown, and ripen, like the seeds.

II.

The ruined tower stood lone and drear
Beside the stagnant woodland mere ;
With trees o'ershadowing, and around,
Whose rustling was a solemn sound.
The pale moon shed her rays athwart
The branches, like a silvery dart,
Illumining the heavy gloom,
As would a torch illume a tomb.
Here, waiting with impatient soul,
Paced Ruth's young lover 'neath the shade,
And o'er his head th' awakened owl
A rustling in the ivy made,
Which clung about the crumbling tower,
It's closest friend in that dark hour.
The long grass grew around the mere,
And tall green ferns were spreading near ;
The pine trees on the rising hill

Swayed in the night wind loud and shrill;
And myriad stars, like worlds at rest,
Reflected from the water's breast.
Young Walter, he, who waited there,
Was tall of form, with bright blue eyes;
And curly was his flaxen hair,
Affectionate, and not too wise.—
A farmer's son, of goodly name;
His mother a true Yorkshire dame,
Who well her duty understood,
Whose teachings were of nought but good:
For on our mothers much depends,
Our ways in life, our aims and ends.
He strode impatiently about,
His mind possessed of many a doubt.
"Why comes she not," he wondering said:
"Th' appointed hour has long since fled,
And she was wont to keep her word.—
Hark! was not that her step I heard?"
He listened, but 'twas all in vain;

The fancied step came not again :
And so, to pass the leadened time,
He sang this simple rustic rhyme :—

SONG.

" Bonny Ruth, thou moorland flower,
Thou beauty of the wilds ;
Thy brown eyes have a wondrous power,
Tho' simple as a child's.
For thee alone my heart can beat,
To thee glad homage pay ;
For thee alone, my life, my sweet,
This heart can throb for aye.

In vain my soul would seek to fly,
In vain, 'twere all in vain ;
The marvellous witchery of thine eye,
Would bring it back again.

The fond desire to hear thy voice,
To look upon thy face ;
I pray thee, therefore, bless my choice,
Give me a resting place.

For thee love only am I strong,
To bear my meed of pain ;
To thee doth all my life belong,
So 'tis not spent in vain.
If thou wilt give me in thy heart
A place wherein to rest,
Then thine shall be no lowly part,
And I, supremely blest."

Scarce fell the last words from his tongue,
When Ruth's sweet voice rose on the air ;
As down the path she sped along,
And startled th' squirrel from his lair ;
And this her simple strain of song :—

SONG.

"There is a lad with bright blue een,
An' that's the lad for me;
Full oft I meet him on the green,
When all are there to see.

"Why should I care, I'd like to know?
He would'nt do me harm
For all the fields of corn that grow
About his father's farm.

"I meet him, too, beside the mere,
Where stands the ruined tower;
The owls we neither of us fear,
Tho' late may be the hour.

"I will not say I love him yet,
But he's the lad for me;
And ever since the day we met
My heart's been full o' glee."

Soon as the welcome song had ceased
Fair Ruth came bounding through the trees;
And Walter's joy at once increased,
As from her lips he snatched love's fees.
Then said he "Ruth, my love, you're late,
And 'tis not oft you let me wait.
What is the reason, little one?"
She smiled, then sighed, but gave him none.

And he, too glad to hear her voice,
And feel the pressure of her hand,
Left to fair Ruth the doubtful choice
Of answering.
"You understand,
Dear Walter, quite as well as I,
That time with you doth quickly fly;
Moreover, that I long to be
For ever in your company.
But, Walter, in my love for you,
I fear my duty I'd forgot;

My father—to whom love is due—
Hath lacked my presence—has he not?
He loves me, Walter, oh! so well,
The thought on't makes my spirits swell.
Say, have we not done foolishly
To vow a vow of secrecy?
For why should we the gossips fear,
Since we are to each other dear?"
She paused, and Walter, smiling, saw
Her rosy cheeks begin to glow,
And answered thus:
"My darling Ruth,
We made that vow in foolish youth,
Because it was romantic. Well,
Why should we not the whole world tell,
If the whole world should care to know?
This morning I, not thinking, told
My mother of our fervent loves.
She smiled, and, bidding me be bold,
Said we were nought but turtle doves

To hide our meetings as we do.
And I had purposed telling you
That if you thought it well we might
Bid secrecy good bye to-night."
"Be 't so," said Ruth, "but are you sure
Your father will our loves endure?
Will he in anger bid us part,
And thus plant misery in each heart?"
"Nay, Ruth, my father loves you well,
For if he meets you in the dell
He always says, when home returned,
'My heart to day with pleasure burned,
For on my way I met with Ruth,
The soul of virtue and of truth!'"
"Then, Walter, put your hand in mine,
And let me lead you where I will;
The moon hath brightly 'gun to shine,
So let us both ascend the hill.
This night my father learns our loves,
God grant to us that he approves."

The shepherd sat beside the fire,
Which shone upon his thoughtful face;
And as the flickering flame leapt higher,
The dog took his accustomed place—
The rug at his old master's feet,
That was of old Ruth's favoured seat.
There often in the eventide
She'd sat with Carlo by her side;
And, with her head on th' old man's knee,
Talked, laughed, and sung most merrily.
"Aye," sighed the shepherd, "that is past,
And she will leave my hearth at last;
But thou, my old familiar friend—
My Carlo, wilt remain till th' end,
As did thy mother, for she died,
As thou art crouching, by my side.
Aye, 'tis the way of life, I know,
That she should leave my cot, and go
With one whose love will sway her will,
Be it for good, be it for ill.

Well, God hath so far been my guide,
His help will not now be denied."
Just then the dog leapt from the floor,
And, barking, ran towards the door;
There, whining low, he sniffed and scratched
To open it, for it was latched.
"That's Ruth!" the shepherd, smiling, said—
"That's Ruth! and Carlo knows her tread."
And joy beamed from his dimmed eye,
As shine the stars when clouds sweep by.
The door was opened from without,
And Ruth, with Walter, entered in.
The shepherd rose in anxious doubt,
And spoke, while inward wondering:
"What, Walter, *you!* there's nothing wrong,
I trust, with master at the farm?"
"No, goodman, father's hale and strong;
But sit you down, and pray be calm.
My mission is of good, not ill,
Tho' on it hangs your *will* or *nill*."

The shepherd stood in mute surprise,
Till, catching Ruth's mischevious eyes,
He felt a glimmering of the truth,
And asked, "Can you inform me, Ruth?"
But she, with blushes, hung her head,
While Walter to the old man said:
"Goodman, I have come to say
I love your Ruth; and if I may,
I'll strive to make her path in life
A smooth one, as my honoured wife.
I tell you frankly, goodman, now,
Your daughter charmed me from the plough,
And with her glorious, soft, brown eyes,
First took my heart by warm surprise.
But 'tis not that, for beauty fades,
And 'tis possessed by saucy jades,
Who, notwithstanding, ne'er could be
As is your daughter unto me.
Her heart is pure, her mind is bright,
Her love is as a steady light;

More still we love each other well,
And therein lies all I've to tell,
That love to us is health and life.
Say, goodman, shall she be my wife?"
He ceased, and th' shepherd seemed to be
O'er wrought by deep perplexity;
He for a moment silent stood,
Then answered thus:
"My boy, I would
In all things do my duty well,
But in this case 'tis hard to tell
Wherein my *honest* duty lies.
There's Ruth, she's pleading with her eyes;
But if to you pure love is all,
And you *will wed* whate'er befall,
Why then consult the farmer, pray,
And let us hear what he shall say."
"Why, goodman, 'twas this very morn
I told my mother of our loves;
And far from treating th' thought with scorn

Or frowns, as one who disapproves,
She smiled, and bid me speed to woo,
And asked me if 'twas known to you.
'Twas then I told her how we'd met,
And with the neighbours formed a set
Upon the green, where many a time
We've danced to the bells' sweet evening chime;
How, too, we'd met beside the mere,
Which is to most a place of fear,
And there in secret spoke our loves.
She smiled, and called us turtle doves,
And bid me act a nobler part,
And show to you my inmost heart.
All this I, in obedience, heard;
So, goodman, take me at my word.
You know my nature—I love Ruth;
So let us show our loves to be
As generous as they are in truth,
And give your daughter unto me."
The old man looked at Ruth, and saw

The conscious blush upon her cheek;
And his old heart began to glow,
As thus he faltered:
"All I seek,
My daughter, is thy happiness;
So, if thou wilt thy love confess"—
"Father, I love him."
"Then, my child,
Take thou his hand; so undefiled
May all your future conduct be,
And God look on you lovingly."

TO MY DEAR FRIEND

HARRY MARRISON ADAMS,

AND HIS GENTLE WIFE

ANNIE,

THESE STRAY PIECES ARE INSCRIBED IN

FOND REMEMBRANCE

OF A

FIRM AND LASTING FRIENDSHIP.

## CLING THOU TO ME.

I

Cling thou to me, my little wife,
As the ivy clings to the sturdy oak;
Entwine thy life around my life,
And the holy bond shall ne'er be broke.
Cling thou to me in sorrow's hour,
When o'er us darksome shadows lower;
In sunshine darling and in shower,
Cling thou to me.

II.

My little Nell, cling thou to me,
With a steadfast heart that knows no fear,
As the mariner on the open sea
Trusts to his God when the storm is near.
When joy shall fill thy heart with gladness,
When grief shall drive thy soul to madness,
When death shall come—in loving sadness
Cling thou to me.

## THE UNFORTUNATE'S SONG.

I.

Mother, I am back again,
  Will you take me to your heart?
I have sinned, but oh! the pain
  Is keener far than death's keen dart.
The shame I brought upon your head,
  Has added wrinkles to your brow;
Oh! mother would I had been dead,
  'Ere I became what I am now.

II.

When at your feet I knelt to pray,
  In those far off and happier years,
I little thought would come the day
  I should implore you thus with tears.

Oh! mother, for my childhood's sake,
Give me a place within your heart;
A little only will I take,
But, mother, not again to part.

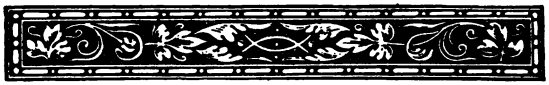
III.

Oh! think, dear mother, of the time
When I was all your fond heart sought;
When sin, with its foul, loathsome slime,
Had never stained me, e'en in thought.
Oh! think of this, my mother, think,
And do not look with such disdain;
The cup was gall I made you drink,
But, mother, I am back again.

IV.

These tears that flow I cannot check,
And, mother, you are weeping now;
Oh! may I clasp you round the neck?
Oh! mother, may I kiss your brow?

Thank God, thank God, I am forgiven—
I'm happy now, tho' joy is pain,
And father smileth out of heaven,
Because his child is back again.



## GONE TO REST.

I.

'Twas in the mellow eventide,
I sat beside the dead,
Where golden rays of sunlight fell,
Athwart the silent bed;
My heart was heavy with despair,
For she who lay so cold,
With furrowed brow and silvery hair,
Had heart as true as gold.

II.

As true as gold and pure as love
My mother's heart had been;
No wonder that I sorrowed now,
Since death had come between.
No more to hear her kindly voice
Tell all my actions oe'r;
To see her sorrow or rejoice,
No more, alas, no more.

III.

The holy book, the book of life
Lay open on the bed;
And her cold finger pointed where
Her eyes the last had read:
'Twas where the Saviour on the cross,
His bleeding head had bowed,
And counting all but death a loss,
"'Tis finished," cried aloud.

IV.

Then I, with heart so full of woe,
Of woe and holy peace,
Bent o'er the bed and kissed her cheek,
Where smiles with her release
Had wreathed them round her lips and made
E'en death a thing to love.
That smile from off her lips would fade
To be re-born above.

V.

'Twas in the mellow eventide,
I sat beside the dead,
Where golden rays of sunlight fell
Athwart the silent bed,
And lighted up her rigid face,
With glory as a crown;
As if the Saviour in his grace,
Had smiled as she lay down.

# THREE FANCIES.

## TIME.

Onward, onward, ever rolling,
  Goes the pond'rous wheel of time,
Bearing deeds beyond recalling—
  Thoughts and deeds of sin and crime.

## IMMORTALITY.

The highest hill, the fairest plain,
  The noblest of all works of man,
Shall dwindle into nought again,
  For time in breadth is but a span;
But every noble thought shall be
  Embalmed to immortality.

THE SEA.

The waves of the sea they surge and heave,
They rise and fall as the sun goes down;
And hearts are true and hearts deceive,
For some will smile, and some will frown;
And seeds of good and ill are sown.
In human hearts as the sun goes down.

## WE PART AT LAST.

I.

We part, my wife, who have for years
Been bound by love's strong chain;
We part at last, but dry your tears,
I shall come back again.
I go to win thee bread, my own,
In other lands and far;
But thou shalt reap when I have sown,
My little guiding star.

II.

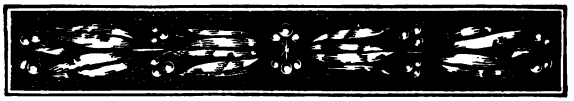
And, Nellie, tho' we part, in truth
'Tis but for two short years;
And I have manhood, thou hast youth,
Then why these idle fears!
Where'er I go our hearts are bound,
By one eternal chain;
And when the years have run their round,
I shall come back again.

III.

Good bye, good bye, shake hands, I go,
The time has come at last;
Oh! would to God it were not so,
But years will soon roll past.
My thoughts are with thee evermore,
So, darling, think of me;
And when I reach the distant shore
My heart will turn to thee.

IV.

I'll kiss you once—oh, God, to think
That kiss may be the last!
Why should my heart so deeply sink,
Since time must needs go past,
And I return?—One kiss, I go,
My Nellie, think of me;
Oh, God, this hour is full of woe—
What will the future be?



## SABBATH IN THE VILLAGE.

### I.

The morn was golden in the east,
And merry was the skylark's song,
The wild flowers, like a fairy feast,
Were scattered the meads among.
Where, far away from city strife,
The rustic leads a quiet life;
No flower, or tree, or living thing,
But seemed a hymn of praise to bring,
Which, with the skylark's song was borne,
To Heaven, this glorious Sabbath morn.

### II.

The dew was wet upon the grass—
It hung like diamonds from each blade,
And in his paddock stood the ass,

Who loudly to the morning brayed,
In mockery of the chanticleer,
Who stood upon a hillock near.
The farmer, risen long ago,
With careless joy the sunbeams saw,
And, smiling, thought the promise good
For harvest-time and winter's food.

III.

Each cottage chimney now begun
To vent its smoke into the air,
And maidens, in the morning sun,
And Sunday 'tire, looked doubly fair;
For many hied them to the well,
Which stood embowered in the dell,
To fill their pitchers, and to chat
With neighbours, upon this and that—
The newest fashion from the town
In bonnet, maybe, or in gown.

IV.

Upon the hill, above the vale,
The church of many a century stood,
Moss-grown and grey, yet quite as hale
As any oak in yonder wood,
Its spire still pointing to the sky,
As if the mourners' tears to dry,
By mutely teaching that the soul
Finds not in th' grave a final goal,
But, leaving it's cold clod behind,
Ascends to him who rules the wind.

V.

Here, as the morning hours went by,
An aged man from th' village came,
Tho' yet the grass was scarcely dry,
And he was old—ay, old and lame;
But Daniel loved his mission well,
Which was to ring the village bell,

And thereby call the folks to pray
Who reverence the Sabbath-day;
Then, entering the loft below,
The organ bellows 'gin to blow.

VI.

A simple man, with honest eye,
And with no wish beyond his bread,
Unless it was, that he might lie
In this churchyard when he was dead.
For here, beneath a simple mound,
His wife a resting place had found;
And with her lay their only child;
So he to death was reconciled;
And said, "I'm near the heavenly goal;
As for my sins, Christ bears them all."

VII.

Soon 'gan the bell, with solemn sound,
To call each listener in to prayer;
And many a sorrowing heart was found

To seek for consolation there.
But oh ! how many bent the knee,
Thou God, in mockery to Thee ?
Or, with a mien devout and good,
In Thy blest Tabernacle stood—
Who—in the time of wrath shall be
Denied, and cast away by Thee ?

## VIII.

The sun, one half his journey o'er,
Sent scorching rays athwart the church ;
And when the verger ope'd the door
Full many lingered in the porch,
Conversing. Some—the old and grey—
Upon the sermon of the day ;
And others—they whose lives were young—
Had earthlier themes upon the tongue ;
And many a group of maidens smiled
As only can the undefiled.

IX.

The parson, putting off his gown,
Went, bye and bye, towards the door;
His head was bald about the crown,
And Time his brow had furrowed o'er.
But tho' his life had known its cares,
And 'mong his wheat had risen tares;
Yet was his heart as full of peace
As life can know; which to increase
He gladly suffered toil and loss,
And daily bore his Master's cross.

X.

He spoke to some, at others smiled,
And seemed to win respect from all:
He kissed a playful little child
Which shyly stood against the wall.
On giddy youth he bent a glance,
Reproving its irreverence;

And so passed forth to help a dame
Across the style, for she was lame.
Then, light of heart he homeward sped,
Where dwelt the loves he cherished.

XI.

The sun now slanted to the west
And in the evening, calm and cool,
Full many a swain his love confess'd
As wandering by the shady pool,
Or 'neath the shadow of the trees,
Where love is fanned by th' perfumed breeze.
And every forest songster sung,
Rejoicing that its life was young:
Rejoicing in the joy which springs
From Nature to all living things.

XII.

The night at length had gathered o'er,—
Each cottage hearth its group possessed;
Some talked of those long gone before
To the eternal land of rest;

And others spoke of lighter things,
Till time had seemed to pass on wings.
At length, when in the cloudless sky,
The round full moon went sailing by;
Each fire burnt low, each friend caressed, –
The peaceful village lay at rest.

## THE VAGRANT.

I.

The rook hied homeward to his nest,
As daylight softly died;
And o'er the hill tops of the west,
Sol spread his beauties wide.

II.

As wandering with uncertain tread,
An aged man and poor,
Without a covering on his head,
Came downward from the moor.

III.

His beard was matted, long, and grey,
His hair how thinly spread;
Was dust besprinkled, and it lay
Like ashes on his head.

IV.

His form was, ay, how poorly clad,
What cared he, it was spring?
And so he smiled and seemed glad
To meet a living thing.

V.

For he had wandered from afar,
And crossed the lonely moor,
Where once had raged the bloody war
That made a nation poor.

VI.

His feet and hands were both embrowned,
For shoes he seldom wore;
The last were an old pair he found
Beside a farmer's door.

VII.

But that was in the winter time,
When bitter winds were free,
To chase from off the earth that crime
Of all crimes—poverty.

VIII.

And now behold 'twas spring again,
The fields and trees were green;
And he forgot his bygone pain
As if it ne'er had been.

IX.

For he was like the merry birds
That love the summer days,
And sing their songs, too sweet for words,
Of ecstacy and praise.

X.

His face, well tanned by sun and storm,
Was pleasant to behold;
It showed his nature to be warm,
Tho' fortune had been cold.

XI.

For, oh! 'tis true that sorrows past
Refine the human mind,
And he whose life is darkly cast
Is often most refined.

XII.

So passed the aged vagrant on,
This knowledge in his breast;
That when his journeyings were done
He might lay down to rest.

## THE SILENT SHORE.

I stood upon the silent shore,
And saw the Stygian sea outspread,
Where darkness dwells for evermore
Above the regions of the dead.
I heard the wails of those who dwell
Beside black Lethe's troubled wave —
The dark inhabitants of hell,
Who fill an everlasting grave.

I heard the songs of those who sing
Their glorious strains before the throne
Of God, the everlasting king,
And saw one stand beneath, alone.
His form was like an angel's, yet
His robes were black, and fire his crown;
Upon his brow a mark was set,
Which now was knitted in a frown.

He gazed above, where angels sing,
Then looked below, where demons dwell;
And folding back his raven wing,
Spoke thus, as gazing down at hell:
"And I, who am despised of those
Who sing so gloriously above,
See yet a power, born of chaos,
Which e'en the highest heaven shall move.

"This new-born world that he hath made
Shall be my field of action now;
These human creatures I'll degrade
Till meekly in the dust they bow.
He gives them hope of winning Heaven,
And sitting at His own right hand;
But they shall sin, and, unforgiven,
Return unto the silent land.

"Or, if they should be made to live,
Then will I bring them down to lie
So wrapped in sin, that to forgive

Would need a sacrifice to die.
A sacrifice! whence would it come?
Ah, whence? Not surely from *their* lives;
Methinks on that e'en God were dumb,
Since he must die who 'gainst him strives.

"When I in Heaven fought 'gainst its king,
Behold He bound me fast with chains;
Then took my harp, broke every string,
And gave me up to fearful pains.
'Twere well if they should thus rebel,
And, falling from their high estate,
Be doomed to join my host, who dwell
Where all repentance comes too late.

. . . .

"Yes, he shall learn to hate them all,
Against them shall his anger swell;
'Tis thus I'll lead unto their fall;
'Tis thus, ah! ah! I'll people hell."

With fiendish laugh he spread his wings,
And sunk beyond the Stygian shore,
Defying thus the King of Kings,
As once he had defied before.

## NEARER TO THE ANGELS.

Cold the night and deeply silent with
the fast descending snow,
For the year was fading, dying, and the
wind was whirling low,
As a mother sat despairing by her
infant's little cot,
Whence the life was fast departing,
tho', alas, she knew it not.
Fondly hoping he'd recover, hoping,
with a sickening dread;
Knowing not that minist'ring angels
hung about his little head;
And that Death, with gentle finger,
lightly pressed the infant lip

That the cup of life so bitter he might
barely have to sip.
But her woman's heart was breaking, for
she knew he suffered pain,
And his thin lips faintly quivered
as Death pressed them once again.

Then the child turned faintly over,
ope'd his eyes so sadly dim,
And his dearly loving mother, bent, with
kisses blessing him.
Then he spoke in voice as feeble
as the whisper of the breeze,
When it soughs in dying autumn
through the almost leafless trees.

"Mama, take me up and rock me,
Rock me in your arms again,
For you weep when I would sleep,
Oh! mama, I feel no pain.

"When you kissed me I was dreaming,
And I saw such splendid sights;
Young and old, with crowns of gold,
Singing where there are no nights.

"Mama, there I saw my father,
And he smiled on me and said,
'Child of mine, you soon shall shine
With the happy of the dead.'

Oh! dear mama, it was lovely,
And I felt it might be true,
When I'm dead, as father said.
But, mama, I'll look for you.

"Do not cry, my mama, will you?
Don't; but tell me if in heaven
I shall play of all the day,
If my sins are all forgiven.

"Mama, mama, you are crying;
Don't, oh, don't, be put about!
Oh! that light, it hurts my sight;
Mama, put the candle out.

Let me say my prayers this moment,
For I feel it's getting dark;
Oh! how soon, just now 'twas noon;
Now it's night—oh, mama, hark!

"Can you hear the angels singing?
Let me say my prayers and sleep;
Perhaps they'll come and take me home;
Mama, I can hear you weep.

"Our Father, art in Heaven—
Mama, tell me what is next;
Hallowed—oh! hold my head;
Oh! I hope God won't be vext.

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild—
Mama, rock me—do not weep—
Rock, and sing of some nice thing;
Rock me, mama; I would sleep."

The weeping mother stirred his cot,
and Death his pale lips pressed,
Then holy angels gently bore his soul
unto its rest,
While others of the holy train beheld
the mother's grief,
And turned towards her pityingly to
give her soul relief.

"Calmly sleeping, while you're weeping—
While you're weeping bitter tears—
He who knoweth, joy that groweth,
Groweth on to endless years.

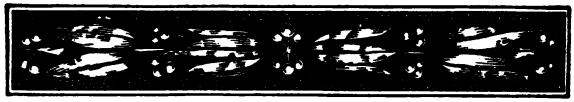
"Heav'nward winging, as he's singing—
Singing at the golden gate,
And ensuring peace enduring—
Peace for which *your* soul must wait.

"You may borrow in your sorrow
Hope from Him who took his soul;
And, remember, life's dead ember
Hath a glorious end and goal.

"Heav'nward soaring, and imploring
God to give you of His peace;
For *He* knoweth joy that groweth,
And for ever must increase."

Thus her soul, weighed down by sorrow,
found relief in th' angels' song,
And her heart, already lightened, felt
to bear its sufferings strong;

For this knowledge grew upon her, that,
although her dove had died,
In the realms of endless glory she might
yet stand by his side.



## POET'S LOVES.

I love the quiet of a sombre wood,
With spreading oaks that have for ages stood;
Or the fair plain where wild-flowers plenteous grow,
And daisies seem like little flakes of snow.
I love the mighty hill with craggy peak,
Where towering eagles for a shelter seek.
I love the simple stream that flows along
The peaceful valley with its endless song;
The tiny flowers that grow upon the plain;
The merry lark that never sings in vain.
The deep ravine I love, the chasm wide,
Where far below the rushing waters hide;
The sunny sky where clouds of snowy white
Spread gently o'er: or in the silent night,
When myriad stars their holy vigils keep,
'Mid clouds like old world monsters coiled asleep.

I love the storm, I love the lightning's flash,
The thunder's roaring, and the hurricane's crash;
The peaceful sea I love, when, calm at rest,
It heaveth like a fair young maiden's breast;
I love it too when angry waves leap high,
And in their fury seem to touch the sky.
But more—I love a woman's fond caress,
A mother's kiss when she bends o'er to bless.
I love the liquid eye, the rosy cheek,
The tiny lips that, closed, seem to speak;
I love the prattle of a little child,
Its sunny face, and eyes so true and mild,—
Nay *all* I love that is of loveliness,
All works of God that he has given to bless;
And He Himself, the author of them all,
I worship, I revere with heart and soul.

## LISTENING FOR THE FOOTSTEPS.

Tick-tick-tick,
Heavy and slow,
The pendulum swingeth to and fro,
And the ancient clock, with its antique face,
With its gorgeous carvings of hunt and chase,
And the moon that riseth above it—
It standeth yet in the silent room,
And weaveth the hours in its ghostly loom,
And oh! how dearly I love it.
The window panes, with a leaden frame
And their diamond shape, are still the same,
Are still the same as they used to be
When mother and th' rest were here with me.
But now I sit—aye, not as of yore,
When the sun comes in at the dawn;

And spreadeth fantastic shapes on the floor,
While I'm looking out on the lawn.
As I ponder, my thoughts seem to take a form,
That is with me, above, and around,
And the sorrow I feel I can never conceal;
So my heart giveth forth a sad sound.
Then—almost as certain as death—to my ears,
Comes the pattering of feet on the stairs;
And my soul hath a joy that is mingled with fears
As I listen like one who despairs.

Listening for the footsteps that I heard in days departed,
When my heart was full of gladness and my life was young and gay;
For the footsteps still I listen, and I'm well nigh broken-hearted,
For they come, alas! like shadows, and, like shadows, pass away.
'Tis the firm foot of my father, which I sometimes feared and dreaded;

Now the soft step of my mother, that was ever light
and firm;
Now my gouty uncle's footstep—his was weary, slow,
and leaded;
Then my gentle sister Annie's, that would ne'er have
crush'd a worm.

Now my manly brother, Robert—he was loud of tread
and stately;
Then my darling cousin Mary, whom I lov'd as dear
as life;
These are footsteps all departed, and the ones I heard
most lately,
Were the patterings of children and the soft step of
my wife.

But they all have vanished now, for lo, they followed
one another
To the grave where lie the dear ones whom I lov'd
in days gone by;

First, my darling Mary faded, and, as following their
mother,
All the young ones passed away to their repose
beyond the sky.

Thus am I left until the time that God shall say, come
hither;
Ay, left to tread this path of life in sorrow and alone;
But gladly I'll go after them who've gone none knoweth
whither,
For all I love, and all who lov'd me, lie beneath a
stone.

Tick-tick-tick,
Heavy and slow,
The pendulum swingeth to and fro,
And the ancient clock with its antique face,
With its gorgeous carving of hunt and chase,
And the moon that riseth above it,
All these I see, as I sit alone,

With my heart as heavy to me as a stone,
And, ay, how dearly I love it.
So it weaveth the hours, and days, and years,
And often I sit with my joys and fears,
And listen in sorrow, and woe, and tears,
For the footstep so tardy to come.

## THE ANGEL WIFE.

### A MADMAN'S RAVINGS.

I.

She cometh to me in the silent night,
And fair is she to my gladdened sight,
With her eyes so loving and deep;
We talk together of faded years,
When none but God and his angels hears,
For mortals are fast asleep.

II.

My fair young wife, whom I loved so well,
And cherished—how much no voice can tell—
She cometh to me with the stars;
Sometimes I lay and, I wait in vain,
When the windows are beat by the sorrowful rain
That trickles so fast down the bars.

III.

Sometimes she comes when the moon is out,
With her hair all flying and floating about,
Her eyes so lovingly deep;
And whispering low, she bids me to wait
Till God shall open the golden gate,
When my body hath fallen asleep.

IV.

And kissing my brow, as often of yore
She kissed me when sorrow stood black at my c
She vanisheth into the air;
And morning it cometh to me again,
Then, gnashing my teeth, I tug at the chain
With madness that comes of despair.

V.

Oh! would it were now, for I weary to lie,
Chained down to this bed, and waiting to die—
Ay, waiting with sickening soul:

Perchance they are right when they say I am mad;
For how can I ever rejoice or be glad
Since death is my end and my goal?

VI.

They beat me sometimes, and say I am wild,
And then I become in my woe as a child,
For it must all end with my life:
When angels shall bear me away to my rest;
When happy I lay on the calm, snowy breast
Of my Annie, my angel, my wife.

VII.

Still cometh to me in the dead of the night,
With her crown of gold, and her robes so white,
The one whom I loved to the end.
She cometh to me with the twinkling stars,
And sitting, we gaze thro' the window and bars,
And talk of our Maker and Friend.

VIII.

So dearer to me is the day than the night,
And dearer the moon than the red sun's light,
For then we are happy again.
For lo! in the night I am seldom alone,
But thro' all the day my heart is a stone,
Bound down by this thick, heavy chain.

IX.

She telleth me, too, with a smile and a tear,
That *after* the grave I've nothing to fear,
For all will be one in that life.
So I wait for the time without terror or dread,
When my body shall lay in the home of the dead,
And my soul be with Annie, my wife.

X.

Oh! would it were now—But why should I rave?
It will come at last, the shroud and the grave,
And that is the end that I seek.

Still weary am I and broken—Oh ! God
Thou hast stricken my heart with the thick of thy rod,
But what is this? Oh ! I am weak.

. . . . . .

Bah ! tis but the blood that has burst from my veins,—
It soon will be o'er ;
Then agony, terror, the lash and the chains,
No more, no more.

## CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

I.

Borne upon the frosty air,
Sweetly o'er the snow-bound dells,
Where the trees are gaunt and bare,
Comes the music of the bells:
Swinging, singing, loudly ringing,
High to heaven the music swells.

II.

In the night, when softly slow,
O'er the earth in silence falls
Purely white the feathery snow,
Then the heavenly tidings rolls:
Swinging, singing, loudly ringing,
Bringing rest for human souls!

III.

Hear it rich and hear it poor;
Take the angel to your breast;
For the news he brings is sure,
And it speaks eternal rest.
Swinging, singing, loudly ringing,
Rest for ever with the blest.

IV.

To the baby in its cot,
To the mother sleeping near,
Tho' perchance they heed it not,
Swells the music loud and clear:
Swinging, singing, loudly ringing,
With its sympathy sincere.

V.

To the maiden pure and young,
To the aged near the grave,
Who have often heard that tongue,
Conscious of a soul to save.
Swinging, singing, loudly ringing,
Of a home beyond the grave.

VI.

To the prisoner in his cell,
Who to morrow morn must die;
With a soul just ripe for hell,
Hear it like a warning cry:
Swinging, singing, loudly ringing,
Bidding him from wrath to fly.

VII.

Ring ye out, ye peaceful chimes,
On the Saviour's natal morn;
Thus ye sung in ancient times,
Thus to nations yet unborn:
Swinging, singing, loudly ringing,
Shall ye sing at early morn.

## THE PASSING BELL.

Toll—toll—toll.

With a heavy sound and a weary swing,
On this sunny day of a budding spring,
How mournful is thy song to sing,
Holy passing bell?
The sun it shineth, the lark is high,
The cawing rook is circling nigh,
Where the bell is telling its story;
The time-worn belfry, mossy grown,
That many and many a change has known,
So quaintly ancient and hoary.
Amid the graves the children play,
And pluck the flowers that bloom,
Like emblems of the judgment day,
When God shall burst the tomb.
The sexton up in the belfry high
Is looking out at the radiant sky,

And wondering how the dead could die
On a day so bright and fair;
For this he tolls the passing bell,
He hears no voice in its solemn knell
As it floats away on the air.
His wrinkled face is merry too,
And he wishes he had no work to do,
That he might take his grandson George
To see his father at the forge
Beating the iron and shaping it out,
And making the sparks to fly about.

The mourner up at the stately hall
Is sitting by the bed
Where lieth she o'er whom a pall
To morrow will be spread.
For lo! it is his fair young wife,
Whom he has cherished dear as life,
Whose smile had seemed his joy to be,
And her dejection agony.

The merry lark that sings on high,
The rooks that caw the belfry nigh,
The children playing 'mid the graves,
With innocence and glee,
He heeds no more than th' surging waves
On yonder restless sea.

How solemn is thy voice, oh ! bell,
How mournful is thy tale to tell;
Behold the rooks, that, cawing fly,
Seem mourning as they pass thee by;
And that old sexton, dead to death,
Who slowly draws his heavy breath,
Ne'er heeds thy voice at all;
For death is sure a common thing,
It comes to beggar and to king,
This passing of the soul.

Oh ! bell, thy song is sadly true,
That swells so loudly to the sky;
A song that is to no one new,
We all must die, we all must die.

## THY HAND HATH NE'ER, &c.

### I.

Thy hand hath ne'er been clasped in mine,
  But lo! our eyes have met;
My soul had drunk deep draughts from thine,
  Which thrill my pulses yet.
Thy soft sweet voice, too, I have heard,
  Its music stirs my soul;
I hang entranced on every word
  That from thy lips doth fall.

### II.

Thy hand in mine hath ne'er been press'd,
  Yet all my soul is thine;
My head hath ne'er lain on thy breast,
  Yet reignest thou in mine.

I think of thee at morning's dawn,
I think of thee at night;
And though my heart were like a stone,
That thought could make it light.

## TO A FLY.

Well, little one of nimble feet,
Did'st think that drop of ink was sweet
  Upon my finger nail?
That thus alighting on the tip,
Thou slow unfurled thy tongue to sip,
But came not for a second dip
  With thy proboscis frail?

II.

'Tis emblem true of what may be,
The fate of more, thou fly, than thee,
  In this strange world of ours.
Full oft have I in Pleasure's bowl
Dipped thus, to find the mixture foul,
And, uncongenial to my soul,
  Its fell and death like powers.

III.

Now climbest thou the little hill
Up to my finger joint, and still
  Pursues thy upward way;
And though I place my pen before,
Though pausest not, but walking o'er,
Still upward wendeth, speeding more
  That I would make thee stay.

IV.

So, fly, I'll climb Parnassus' hill,
Though slower treading, perhaps, my will
  Shall ever be the same;
And if my brethren seek to place,
A barrier high before my face,
Then shall I know I win the race,
  For envy follows fame.

V.

Thou little mite, is there a king
Can boast a mantle like thy wing,
  Of everchanging hue?

Oh! Agnes, that sweet face of thine
An angel might believe;
Yet were those orbs that seem divine
Made only to deceive.

## THE DAISY.

I.

Let me lie with idle pleasure by the waters of the rill,
Where the fields are sloping upward to the summit of the hill;
And the daisy that is growing just beside my idle hand,
In my fancy I will liken to a soul from th' hidden land.

II.

"Tell me, daisy, tell me truly, who hath given life to thee—
Bid thy yellow bosom open to the golden sun and me."

Saith the daisy, "He who made me formed the soul
that lives within
Those blue eyes that look upon me, with the
sunlight mingling."

III.

"Truly, daisy, truly spoken—but thy worth, what
may it be?"
Saith the daisy, "Lo! I wonder how that question
comes from thee;
For to souls like thine, oh! poet, well I know that
I am dear,
And the gladsome heart of childhood loves to see
me growing here."

IV.

"Thou art right, my little floweret, but how many
pass thee by,
Who with heedless feet destroy thee, knowing not,
or thinking why?

Some who daily see thee growing in thy native
modest grace,
Yet, behold! remain in ignorance of the *love* writ on
thy face."

V.

"Children gaze on thee, and smiling, feel a joy
arise within,
That is purer than ought earthly—that to *Heaven*
is akin;
Thou was't made to deck the meadows, so that
human souls might see
That the God of heaven hath gladness in this little
world and thee."

VI.

Saith the daisy, "Truly, poet, thou has't spoken from
thy soul,
But forgettest thou my influence on the aged near
the goal;

For, behold! they, all refinéd from the dross of human sin,
Look with gladdned heart upon me, and I still their sorrowing."

VII.

"Dos't thou ask of me the reason? Dos't thou wonder how't can be?
Ask thyself the simple question, and thy soul shall answer thee;
For I am an emblem holy of the souls by woe refined,
That have risen through their sorrows to the presence of THE MIND."

VIII.

"Even so, I answered, daisy—even so as thou hast said,
And from hence my heart shall gladden when my feet are hither led;

So I e'er shall love to see thee in the meadows
fresh and green,
For, behold, thou wilt remind me of the holy ones
unseen.

## TO AN ABSENT WIFE.

Still near though distant, darling wife,
Still near in heart are we;
May God in mercy make my life
A life of joy to thee.

## SORROW.

Time deadens sorrow with the cares
Of things existing now;
The only mark the sufferer bears,
He bears upon his brow.

So age creeps on and th' chastened soul,
Strains forth to higher things;
Till finding earthly pleasures pall,
It soars on heavenly wings.

## THE MOWERS' SONG.

Come, Mary, with me to the field,
With heart and footstep light,
And all the day we'll make the hay,
I'll bring you back at night.

II.

The walk is pleasant, as you know,
Beside the bubbling spring;
So come along, and sing the song
I love to hear you sing.

III.

We'll take our rakes and hurry on,
Beside old Roger's farm;
I'm nothing loth to carry both,
And you may take my arm.

IV.

The little brook with stepping stones
We have to cross, it's true;
But never mind, folk call me kind,
So I will carry you.

V.

At noon we'll sit beneath the oak
That stands against the wall;
And all the rest, will think I'm blest,
If you are there at all.

VI.

I hear the lark, but cannot see,
He's risen up so high;
His song is sweet, but not complete
Unless my Mary's nigh.

VII.

So come, my love, into the field,
With heart and footstep light;
And you shall see, how kind I'll be
As we come back to-night.

## THE POWER OF SONG.

"God bless the poet far away,"
A lonely maiden said;
"For he has cheered my heart to-day
Whence every hope had fled,
And pointed out a smoother way
Wherein my feet may tread."
"God bless the poet and his song,"
An aged soldier cried;
"For he has taught me that 'twas wrong
To mourn for him who died;
My boy now standeth mid the throng
Around the crucified."
"Oh! poet, God be kind to thee,"
A mourning mother prayed,

For this one hope thou gavest me
When comfort was delayed;
Henceforth my chastened heart shall be
On the Redeemer stayed."
"Peace with thee, poet," sang a king,
"For many a noble thought;
"Thy harp is sweet, for every string
A ray from Heaven hath caught;
And though I am a crowned king,
Thy powers set mine at nought."
"God bless the poet far away,"
A dying martyr cried,
"For he with his sweet melody
Hath set my fears aside;
And so in faith my sins I lay
On Him who sinless died."

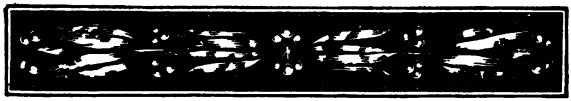
Oh! who can tell the power of song
Upon the human mind?
Its melody, with influence strong,

Hath many a soul refined;
For as its music sweeps along
It leaves the earth behind.
Then be it mine to tune the lyre
Wherein such powers have place;
My one, my firm, my fond desire
To purify my race,
And, when refined in sufferings' fire,
To see God face to face.

## MY WIFE.

My wife! oh! well, I love the name
Because it is thine own;
Through joy and sorrow still the same,
Thy love, which burneth like a flame,
A change has never known.

My wife! come let me look again
Into thy sunny eyes,
And taste the mingled joy and pain
Which rises when I count the gain
I got with thee, my prize.



## NELL.

I.

Nell, I look into thy face
  Beautiful to me,
And an angel's softening grace
  Therein I can see.

II.

So beloved, when death shall part
  We of one true life,
May *He* guard the sorrowing heart
  That is left, my wife.

## MARION AND HER MOTHER.

Within a cot lived Marion Grey,
Light-hearted as a summer's day,
  Pure as an angel's soul—
The joy of her old mother's heart,
And of her life the purer part,
  Till she lay 'neath a pall.

They sat together when the day
Was slowly passing far away
  Into the radiant west;
And read together in the Book
Of God, how Jesus Christ they took,
  And wickedly oppress'd.

Then, turning o'er the pages, she
Would talk so sadly, solemnly,
To Marion of his love,
And lead her in that glorious path
Which saves from God's eternal wrath,
Which leads to rest above.

And often, as they sat and read,
The mother touch'd her Marion's head,
And fondled with her hair;
While in her deep and secret soul,
She thought of life's most bitter gall,
And murmured forth a prayer,

That she, her daughter, pure and young,
Might always sing, as th' Psalmest sung,
When trouble came her way,
Desiring God to hear her prayer,
And never sinking in despair,
But willing to obey.

Then oft would Marion close the book,
And give her mother back the look
  Of sympathy and love;
And clasping her about the neck,
Sometimes with tears she could not check,
  Would turn to him above.

Thus learned she in her earlier years
On whom to rest all earthly fears,
From whom to seek relief in tears.

## THE SKY WAS BLUE ABOVE MY HEAD.

The sky was blue above my head,
The brooklet at my feet
Was rippling o'er its pebbly bed,
With music wondrous sweet.

The birds were singing in the grove,
And every slope was green;
It seemed as if th' Eternal's love
A wandering there had been.

Thus thought I, as I gazed around,
With sadness in my breast;
And said, "Oh! God, thy love profound
These beauties has caressed.

"Thy hand hath formed this simple brook,
That singeth as it flows,
And even yonder cawing rook
Thy loving kindness knows.

"Oh! God, I see thy mind in this,
Thine awful mind I see;
And 'midst my woe I feel the bliss
That comes of knowing thee.

"My Father, if I may not know
Thy purposes sublime,
Yet let my soul in rapture glow,
A conqueror over time;

"For I am born, and cannot die,
But these *will* pass way;
My home is far beyond the sky,
My home that *is* for *aye*."

## A WINTER'S NIGHT.

The wintry wind blew loud and shrill,
And whirled the snow across the hill;
Loud shrieking round each low-thatched farm,
Where all within was bright and warm;
Then scampering o'er the furze and whin,
Where moorland fowl were shivering.
Bright twinkling in the darkened sky,
Were countless stars from east to west;
And soft white clouds went scudding by,
Like wandering spirits seeking rest:
Fast rushing down its rocky way,
With many a tuft of snowlike spray,
The mountain rivulet leapt along,
For ever singing its wild song;
O'er pebble smooth it held its course,
O'er boulder rough and 'mid the gorse.

How many lay them down to sleep
Who had this day learnt how to weep?
How many sung with gladsome voice
Who had this day learnt to rejoice?
Full many a wanderer shivering crept
Into a friendly shed and slept,
And slept on earth the final sleep,
No more to joy, no more to weep.

'Twas e'en again that pleasant time,
When friendly hearts together chime,
When those whom toil has parted, meet
To pass the hours in converse sweet;
When eyes, perchance, just like our own,
Whose brightness since yest'e'en had flown,
Look into ours, and 'gain we see
Our lives just as they used to be.

Oh! welcome, toil, for the delight
Of waiting for each coming night.

# SUNSHINE.

## INTRODUCTION.

Sunshine is on the mountain,
And on each verdant plain;
It sparkleth on the fountain,
Then dieth off again.
And every tiny flower
That looketh to the sky
Feels now its genial power,
And round the breezes sigh.
Each gladsome-hearted maiden
Hath sunshine in her breast;
Old hearts with sorrow laden
Are waiting for their rest.

The sunshine soothes the sorrow
Which yesterday was deep;
Yet it will come to-morrow,
For men are born to weep;
To weep with joy and gladness
(For tears of joy are born),
Or else in woe, and sadness,
In sorrow, perhaps, forlorn.
Sunshine is on the merry,
And children shout and play;
The boatman at the ferry
Is singing loud to day.
The mother with her knitting
Is standing at the door,
And grandame there is sitting—
The baby's on the floor.
And all are full of gladness,
They cannot say for why;
To-day they feel no sadness,
So pass the moments by.

I.

Amid the fields the reapers
Are gathering in the corn,
And all are loudly singing
Like linnets to the morn.

II.

The sickles shine and glitter,
And all the golden grain
Is falling in the sunshine,
Which covereth the plain.

III.

The lark is upward soaring,
And singing as he goes;
The kine lie in the meadow
In indolent repose.

IV.

The deer are in the forest,
They gather 'neath the trees,
Whose thickly laden branches
Are sighing in the breeze.

V.

And birds are loudly singing,
Where in the verdant vale
The ripples of the streamlet
Make music on the gale.

VI.

And tiny fishes, sporting
Beneath the water's breast,
Are glistening in the sunshine
That pierces to their rest.

VII.

The blacksmith with his hammer
Is standing at the door;
The fire is lower smouldering,
The bellows do not roar.

VIII.

For lo! he feels so merry,
So light of heart and free,
As often in his boyhood
He felt. Such estacy

IX.

That seeing children playing
At cricket on the green,
He almost longs to join them,
And be what he has been.

X.

He cannot keep from smiling,
For thoughts will rise within
That savour of the sunshine,
And are unmixed with sin.

XI.

The old man with his basket,
Who hawks from door to door,
Is sitting on the meadow
Beside his little store,

XII.

And smiling on the children
At cricket on the green;
And, like the swarthy blacksmith,
He thinks of what has been.

XIII.

The lame boy with his crutches
Is standing at the gate,
And smiling as he gazes
On every one-time mate.

XIV.

The baby in its carriage,
The dog upon the grass;
The lambkins in the meadow,
And e'en the tethered ass,

XV.

All feel the gladsome sunshine,
And take it to their hearts,
As do the reapers singing
Beside the loaded carts.

XVI.

But sunshine is like gladness,
It cannot bide for aye.
As joy gives way to sorrow,
So night succeedeth day.

## AN ANGEL'S WHISPER.

I.

I heard a child at prayer one night,
And in my fancy saw
Above his head, a golden light
Which fluttered to and fro.
I gazed upon it till I knew
It was a seraph's crown;
And while I watched it larger grew,
And gently fluttered down.

II.

It fluttered down upon his head,
And there remained awhile;
An angel spoke, methought he said
"This infant hath no guile;

His prayer, though lisped in accents meek,
Is heard at God's high throne;
Christ loves to hear an infant speak."
It passed, we were alone.

III.

His father playful touched his chin,
Now that his prayers were said;
And I, with solemn thought, within,
Prayed blessings on his head.
Methought *he* had not seen the crown,
Nor heard the angels voice;
Else, would he, as he put him down,
In thankfulness rejoice.

## SONGS OF THE BROOK.

A narrow stream ran through a verdant vale
And sung its songs to all who came along;
To the fair maiden with her milking pail,
To children playing, and the labourer strong.
Sometimes its tones were mournful, sometimes glad,
Songs sorrowful and happy, gay and sad.

At rosy dawn when kine lay on the grass,
And every songster of the wood awoke,
It sung aloud; and many a buxom lass
That went along the deeper silence broke,
With tones that rose upon her youthful tongue,
Responsive to the stream that leapt along.

And when at eve the curtain of the night
Was slowly drawing o'er the quiet vale,
And stars began to twinkle in the sight

As through the clouds the moon began to sail,
Still, as reflected on its heaving breast,
It sung its songs and never needed rest.

And thus it sung one lovely eventide,
When on the bridge that spans it by the farm
Stood Alfred, with his Ellen by his side,
And round her waist was clasped his loving arm
And as it sung, they listened, doubting not,
All fears of sorrow for the time forgot.

SONG.

"On through life together going,
Hand in hand, and heart in heart;
Nought but joy and pleasure knowing,
Yours shall be a glorious part.

"Where, before you, in such glory
Spreads the meadow set with flowers;
Stands a cottage, ancient, hoary,
Where ye'll spend your sunny hours.

"There secluded, free from sorrow,
Shall ye ever spend your days;
From the future nothing borrow—
You shall tread no thorny ways.

"Little ones shall spring around ye
As the ivy round your home;
Olive branches shall abound ye,
Yet be welcome as they come.

"Therefore set ye out nought fearing,,
Plight your troths where now you stand;
Row your boat, but leave the steering
With the rudder, in God's hand."

Thus sang the stream to those whose hearts were young,
And arm in arm they turned and went away;
Made happy by the falsehood it had sung,
Believing life would be one endless May.
But, oh! to find that youthful hopes are flowers,
That spring in bright, to die in stormy, hours.

Then, as the darkness palled above the earth—
A darkness black as is the pit of hell—
Its tones lost all of gladness and of mirth;
And loud upon the hill the torrents fell,
For clouds were melting, and the tiny stream
Was swollen like the vision of a dream.

Then down the pathway from a neighbouring town,
Came one whose steps were lightened by his fear;
On whom the very elements did frown,
And the cold waters moaned that he was near.
A murderer, he, whose bloody hand had driven
A soul before its time to hell or heaven.

Upon the bridge he paused, and looking round,
Strove vain to pierce the darkness black as hell;
And strained his ears to catch the rustling sound
Of trees, wherein pursuers seemed to dwell.
And as he listened, on the sullen air,
The streamlet sent this song of deep dispair.

SONG.

" Darkness above thee, around thee, below thee;
Darkness within thy black murderous heart;
Even the clouds and the elements know thee;
Into the darkness of hell we will show thee;
Murderer, murderer, that's what thou art.

" Thunder is rolling, and lightning is flashing,
Showing the anger of God at thy crime;
Listen, the strong oak beneath it is crashing;
Listen, the storm in its fury is lashing;
Murderer, murderer, now is thy time.

" Come thou and hide thee where waters are flowing,—
Hide thee, oh! hide thee beneath my wild breast;
See thou—the torches behind thee are glowing;
Pursuers are near thee—thy hope it is going;
Murderer, murderer, come to thy rest.

" Come to thy rest. Ah! the wild winds are jeering.
Rest, there is none for thee—rest, there is none;

See'st thou, thy vengeful pursuers are nearing,
Soon they'll be on thee—e'en now they're appearing;
Murderer, murderer, all hope is gone.

"Come to my bosom then, come, I will hide thee,
Wrap thee, enfold thee, and keep thee from they
Who are pursuing thee but to deride thee.
Come to me, since all of hope is denied thee;
Murderer, murderer, return to thy clay."

This fearful song fell on the murderer's ear,
And, sinking deep into his callous heart,
Increased his now unutterable fear,
And every fitful shadow made him start.
He grasped the rail, then, trembling, looked around,
And terror-struck, at length sank to the ground.

But soon he rose, and with a fearful cry,
Plunged from the bridge into the troubled stream;
And turning o'er and o'er he sought to die,

But demons haunted him as in a dream.
Then with a sudden love of life he rose
Unto the surface—trembling in death's jaws.

"Oh! save me, save me!" thus he cried aloud,
But in the tempest 'twas but like a sigh;
And the cold waters wrapped him as a shroud,—
No help could come, for lo! no help was nigh.
Then sunk he, and his life was bubbled out,
And the cold waters wrapped his corse about.

The songs of birds were wafting o'er the vale,
The sunshine gaily danced upon the stream,
When one so young, with cheeks, ay, sadly pale,
And eyes that seemed for ever in a dream,
Came by the waters, where the poplar, tall,
Sent darkened shadows o'er it like a pall.

He came, and, sitting 'neath the cooling shade,
Gazed on the waters, as he dreamt a dream
Of laurel wreaths for men of genius made—

Himself and poetry the glorious theme.
And while his eyes were on the waters set
A strain burst forth he never could forget.

SONG.

"Noble poet thou art glorious,
'Mong the mortals God has made;
O'er all human creeds victorious,
O'er all caste, all sex, and grade.

"On thy brow 'tis nobly written
How thy mind shall make its mark;
Though by sorrow cramped and bitten—
Though thy flight be in the dark.

"Soar thou shalt, and that in gladness;
Sing thou shalt, and all shall hear;
Little knows thy heart of sadness,
Little need has it to fear.

"He who feeds the birds and flowers
Knows thy wants, and loves thee well;
He has given thy mind its powers
That with love thy heart might swell.

"Therefore tune thy harp right gladly,
Sing of all things bright and fair;
Sometimes gaily, sometimes sadly,
Sometimes tingling with dispair."

The poet's eye now lighted with a fire,
Both warm and deep, and full of fervent heat;
And with his hand he struck upon his lyre,
Producing music, low and wondrous sweet.
And this the song he sung to listening trees,
And birds and flowers, and to the passing breeze.

POET'S SONG.

I sing, I sing with gladsome heart,
With spirits light as air,
Of future years, when sighs and tears
Shall vanish with dispair;

When every human soul shall be
As light as is mine own,
And angels sing in ecstasy
Before the Father's throne.

When those who weep in sorrow now
Shall then rejoice and sing;
When those who toil 'mid life's turmoil,
Shall have an endless spring.
Of these bright days impatiently
I wait, that I may know
How great my name, how bright my fame
That shall for ever glow.

---

Then rose he and went singing from the grove
Out into the broad world, that seemed so fair,
A solitary wanderer to rove;

Misunderstood, and much despised there.
For oh! how can the worlding ever know
How poets feel, or how their spirits glow?

Then by the waters wandered one so young,
Whose soul enthusiastic sought to soar,
High as the warrior's, whose great praise is sung,
Who rode unarmed amid the cannons roar.
A conquerer of worlds he sought to be,
A monarch who might rule eternally.

To him the streamlet sung of glorious deeds,
Achieved in war by those of mighty fame;
Who fought defiant of all sects and creeds,
And he in fancy thought to do the same;
And the delusive streamlet sang this song,
As in its narrow way it sped along.

SONG.

"Onward to glory tread the path;
Conquerer of nations thou shalt be;
Crush the foemen in thy wrath,

He shall bow his head to thee.
Up the steep of warrior's fame
Thou shalt climb and leave thy name.

" Kings shall bow before thy feet,
Seeking thee to aid their cause ;
Queens shall plead, and, smiling sweet,
Fill thine ear with warm applause.
Warrior, go and win thy fame—
Carve thyself a living name."

Thus delusive sang the stream, and he
In faith leapt up from off the verdant plain ;
Rejoicing in the greatness soon to be,
But doomed to find his dreaming all in vain.
And so in ecstasy he turned away,
The sweet commands receivéd to obey.

. . . . . .

Young Alfred and his Ellen lived to know
That all the streamlet sang was false as fair;
For sorrows seemèd in their path to grow,
And 'twas no small, but e'en a heavy share.
Then said they, "Lo! the stream ne'er sung at all;
T'was but the echo from each youthful soul."

The poet went into the world to find
That his sweet music was of no avail;
Few pitied him, and, to his virtues blind,
The cynic knew his nature, but to rail
At what his brain conceived, and to deride
The egotism that in him was pride.

'Tis true that some gave him his meed of praise,
But even they, commending, shook the head,
And bid him cease the worship of his lays,
For poetry would never bring him bread.
Then said he, "Lo! the brook ne'er spoke at all;
'Twas but the echo from my ardent soul."

The warrior went and fought upon the field,
And sinking in the fray was crushed to death.
All passed him by, he knew his doom was sealed,
And so he lay and faintly gasped for breath;
Then said he, "Lo! the stream ne'er spoke at all;
'Twas but the echo from my ardent soul."

And thus it is in every human heart,
All nature takes its colouring therefrom;
If gladness there, then gladness is a part
Of all around. And thus the brook, once dumb,
Trills forth its lays, but it is not to blame
If it be grief and sorrow, wealth or fame.

And thus the brook, still running on its way
Doth trill its music to the young and gay.